









# AFTER MICHELANGELO

KURT W. FORSTER: *Pontorno*. Monographie mit Kritischem Katalog. 161pp. 107 plates. Munich: Bruckmann. DM.36.

"Pontorno, who had it in him to be a decorator and portrait-painter of the highest rank, was led astray by his awe-struck admiration for Michelangelo, and ended as an academic constructor of monstrous nudes." So said Berenson in his essay on the *Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, first published as long ago as 1896, although reprinted many times subsequently. While Berenson admired the freshness of Pontorno's fresco of Vertumnus and Pomona at Poggio a Caiano, he saw the artist left in Florence after Botticelli and Leonardo, among whom he names Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Pontorno and Bronzino, as painters whose talents "instead of being permitted to flower naturally, were scorched by the passion for showing off dexterity, blighted by academic ideals, and uprooted by the whirlwind force of Michelangelo." This not only states very well the *fin-de-siècle* aversion to the course that painting took in Florence after the achievements of what is called the High Renaissance but also the generally accepted prejudice against these new trends that have had common currency until very recently. There has been a major shift in critical opinion, away from the view that the art of the High Renaissance should be seen as sharply divided from subsequent developments, and towards one in which the achievements of the first generation of Mannerists, the *primo manneristi*, are seen to be a normal development of the works of Leonardo, Raphael and the established masters of the High Renaissance.

Pontorno was one of the principal successors of these great figures. He, in fact, played an important role as an innovator, and the evolution of his very individual style was a crucial formative factor in the creation of the new forms of expression in painting. These eventually became stylized clichés under the very self-conscious Vasari and his associates, but before this petrification occurred a great era of Florentine painting

took place in which Pontorno played a decisive role as an artist of highly individual creative genius. Professor Forster's book is the first general survey of Pontorno's life and work since the publication of F. M. Clapp's fine pioneering monograph on him published in 1916, and as such is a welcome addition to the literature in this field. Some notable critical studies of aspects of his work have appeared in the interval, in particular further editions of Berenson's corpus of Florentine drawings, which had first appeared in 1903. The exhibition held in 1956 in Florence, *Pontorno e del primo manierismo*, was not only of considerable scholarly interest but also seems to have stimulated the appetite of a wider audience for Mannerist art, which had been under a cloud for so long. The most recent, and in some ways the most important, of the intervening contributions to our knowledge and appreciation of Pontorno's work is Mrs. Janet Cox Rieck's study, which although it is entitled *The Drawings of Pontorno*, throws a new and penetrating light on many of the wider aspects of his artistic development.

As well as being a critical synthesis of previous scholarship, this latest contribution from Professor Forster is an attempt to provide the reader with an insight into the cultural and religious background to Pontorno's artistic activity, in addition to a stylistic appraisal of individual works and their stylistic relation one to another. In the same spirit he investigates the possible iconographic basis for the scheme of decoration in the Villa at Poggio a Caiano. The relationship of the theological ideas of the reforming elements of the Church in Italy to the scheme of decoration in the choir of San Lorenzo that occupied Pontorno during his last years and was left unfinished at his death, gives us an insight into some of the ideas which had currency among his friends while he was at work on this commission. It may have been his most remarkable project but, alas, it no longer survives. There are, however, a number of drawings for it which certainly suggest that this was Pontorno at his most audacious, and they give us a very good idea of the general appearance of the chapel. From one or two other pieces of evidence one can be fairly sure of the arrangement of the scheme of decoration although Mrs. Cox Rieck's argued basis for the debatable parts of the reconstruction seems

rather more convincing than that advanced by Professor Forster, who also omits a part of the original scheme, the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence", from his reconstruction. This apparently occupied the central lower part of the end wall of the chapel and was completed by Bronzino, who worked on and completed the whole scheme of decoration after Pontorno's death. The drawings are, of course, not just of use in the scholarly work of reconstructing lost schemes of decoration. Their study is vital for a close acquaintance with Pontorno's individuality. They take one into a strange and often very moving world of intense and agitated deal about his evolution, even showing us on occasion how he has anticipated by several years some development which only becomes apparent at a later stage in his painting. Pontorno developed as a young man very much as a talented, if somewhat eccentric, younger colleague of Andrea del Sarto, and until his work gained its full maturity it proceeded along parallel lines to that of the older artist, although with considerably less fluency of expression. After collaborating in producing the scheme of decorative panels for a room in the Palazzo Borgherini, he finally emerges as a fully mature master in 1518 with the painting of his Visdomini altar-piece.

We find that in general the survey of Pontorno's career follows a fairly predictable course and due emphasis is given to the impact that Dürer's and Michelangelo's work had upon him. While no new unexpected attributions are advanced a number of works are rightly omitted or rejected. At times, however, the discussion does seem short-winded over such points, as when, for example, the Leningrad Madonna and its related sketch are dismissed in a few words. This contrasts sharply with occasional passages of excessively prolix philosophical discussion which are not very helpful to the reader.

The book has unfortunately suffered somewhat from its rather cramped style of production, with inadequate margins for both the text and plates. The publication would have gained immeasurably, even though it does form part of a series, if a larger format had been employed, as the majority of Pontorno's paintings do require reproduction on a fairly large scale. It is no answer to run the plates across the fold as is done several times here.

## PICTURE REPORTING

PAUL HOGARTH: *The Artists as Reporters*. 96pp. Studio Vista. 12s. 6d.

Literature on illustration has always been scanty. There come to mind certain essays by Baudelaire and Thackeray, a host of specialist articles in specialist periodicals, and a series of monographs on outstanding historical personalities, rewritten by various hands for successive generations in the light of changing taste. Only in recent years have there been serious attempts to be more comprehensive. Evidently the subject spreads too widely to encourage research and analysis. Ranging as it does from manuscripts to newspaper broadsheets, to the glories of Watteau, or Alderman Boydell, it has a vital but rather flavourless appeal, unlikely to appeal to scholars.

So long as this remains the case, the most valuable qualifications for anyone attempting to cope with a mass of material that has never been properly related to its historical, artistic or social backgrounds, are probably intuition, enthusiasm and a sense of purpose: even perhaps an axe to grind. These qualities are at least as often found in illustrators themselves as in historians. Who therefore better than Mr. Paul Hogarth to frame a survey of the reportorial function of illustration which he has made so very much his own? His book is in fact a pioneer work, and the authority, the dedication, the breezy conviction he brings to the task naturally produce a far more urgent, and more relevant, volume in some respects less punctilious than could be expected from any run-of-the-mill professional pundit, sailing such

unfamiliar, such extensive and such uncharted waters. Everyone knows all about Cruikshank, John Leech and Punch, but the triumphs of the names—the pictorial reporters of the *Illustrated London News* are (apart from Constantin Guys) largely forgotten. Mr. Hogarth brings to the notice of the reader not only the unspectacularly vivid journalistic activities of Arthur Boyd Houghton but also, using heroes like Special (War) Artist Frederick Villiers, who was told by his superior that if he got himself killed he would be an infernal fool, as well as some valuable sidelights on artists working for European and American magazines from the birth of Impressionism onwards, a subject he treats with the assurance born of wide knowledge. He is confident of the future of drawing as a personal method of recording and committing on life. This book is recommended for anyone interested in the history of the employment of artists to inform the public of social habits and historical events especially of the early nineteenth century onwards, when development in methods of reproduction first made it really possible for this branch of the arts to flourish. It is agreeable in format and more than adequately illustrated.

Bulzoni Editore, Rome, have published *Rapporto 60* by Maurizio Fagiolo dell'Arco at 7,000 lire. It is a survey of recent Italian painting and sculpture. Its 394 pages are liberally illustrated and there are fourteen colour plates.

# CUTTING THE COAT

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER: *A History of Costume in the West*. Translated by John Ross. 441pp. including 352 colour plates and 798 black and white illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £8. 8s.

For too many books on costume in recent years have attempted to cover in one volume, large or small, its history in Europe from classical times until the present day, but here at last is one which should be a standard work for many years to come.

This book is the culmination of François Boucher's lifelong study of historical costume. After retirement from his curatorship at the Musée Carnavalet in Paris at the end of the war, he established a society "Union Française des Arts du Costume" to promote the collection and study of costume in France, with the object of setting up a museum of costume in Paris. Until his death at the end of last year, he worked with great energy, collecting not only costume but also support for his scheme from haute couture and the French textile industries. Success came nearer in 1962 when the Paris Chamber of Commerce formed the Centre de Documentation du Costume with M. Boucher as director, and although the full achievement of the museum is still in the future, the collection, the documentation, the headquarters and the enthusiasm for it are there as a result of his untiring efforts for the past twenty years. And we also have this book.

It took ten years to prepare. In the preface Boucher tells us what he has attempted to do:

This work does not claim to be a complete and exhaustive history of costume in all periods and all countries; it sets out to define, within a limited area, the essential characteristics of the forms taken by costume in the Western world, to discover the conditions in which these forms evolved and the causes behind the changes they underwent, and to trace the lines along which innovations spread and interpenetrated.

There are chapters on prehistoric costume, costume in the ancient East, in the Mediterranean during the classical periods, then on costume in Europe from prehistoric times to the present century. Although French costume, naturally, takes first place against the European background, the dress of other countries is examined and special influences or divergences discussed. For

instance, the complexity of its change and its link with diet in the inter-relation of French and English fashion in the eighteenth century and during the revolution, Boucher not only catches the spirit of its time, but also the commercial pressures, technical innovations which only leisurely fashion.

The authors who have this are often little concerned with details of dress, but Boucher can turn from a discussion of society of early eighteenth-century France to point out a detail of Watteau painting. "The dress of this model is particularly interesting as it has vertical folds falling to the shoulder and its buttoned cuff ornament is fastened to a loop to a button sewn directly to the sleeve." Yet critical assessment of the sources is always there: "always difficult to use a work of art to establish precisely a detail of

the illustrations, generative of beauty and mastery in scheme in black-and-white. Each fully documented and illustrated on their moves slowly, style to style pointing out the style to style. The history of costume emerges from the illustrations alone.

It is not surprising to find a ranging text that a few examples escaped correction: for instance, dating of plate 707 should be "seventeenth century" not "eighteenth century" and in the *la polonoise* (page 430) "Alte" must be a misprint for 1864.

As M. Boucher himself remarks in his preface, more detailed in different countries will show clearly the relationships of costume with here but not examined in depth. Impressive and important the book is in itself, it also opens way for further research.

## SWANNING ROUND THE SALON

PHILIPPE JULIAN: *The Collectors*. 182pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. Translated by Michael C. 25s.

"I like," says M. Julian, "the luxury, elegance or folly born from the union of money with good taste or stupidity"; and if in this frivolous ramble round the collecting scene he has more to say about the latter combination than the former, his generally deflationary approach is thoughtful as well as affable and he has, even in translation, a lively turn of phrase. For example: "The work of art has that in common with the Camembert label: it is not useful" or "Those grapes are too green" are the words of a connoisseur, or "Presented with a collection of a mediocre trying all courtesy, one may say: 'Oh, you like Buffet. In the same style I prefer Russell Flint'." And the dictionary which occupies the last fifty pages includes some neat entries: "Carpets. People may be said to collect them when they put them on their walls instead of on their floors. Enamels. Lugu-

brious but rich. Medals. Numismatics is the philately of distinguished persons. Pewter. Re de luxe. Statues. Even if one's very large garden, a collection of statues always looks like cemetery."

This would be a salutary book to anyone who took his collecting seriously, and it should be required reading for the status-symbols. But the translator and the publisher have passed far too many misspelled names for so good a writer: Maurithus, John de Bernoth, these are just better: Ford, Mr. Panofsky, Mr. Robert Ford, Mr. Joseph C. Hishman, Henry McIlhenny, Mr. Robert L. man, Misia Sert and—M. M. Julian into serious trouble in next swanning tour of the salon.

## OBJECTS OF ART

RAYMOND LISTER: *Great Works of Craftsmanship*. 206pp. G. Bell. 20s.

The word craftsmanship can be as dreary as some of the objects to which it can be applied—for instance, those nagging, fussy, endlessly boring carvings in which mere dexterity is not the servant of a disciplined imagination, or drawings in which nature is imitated so relentlessly that we feel instinctively that the job could be done much better by a camera. Raymond Lister takes a dozen objects as different in time and material as the Throne of Tutankhamen, the Paladian Bridge at Wilton House and the Penny Black postage stamp—and talks about them, their origin, use, meaning (if any), relationship to their age and more particularly to the technical methods used in their creation. We learn, for instance, how large blocks of stone are cut, how the famous first postage stamp was printed, how the

lovely cones of Syracuse were produced. The final essay in this stimulating survey deals with two engraved plates by Laurence Whistler, the artist's own vivid description of his work on glass and his fascinating confession: "When I began to scratch glass I knew nothing of art or of its history. I was not aware that it had flourished in the East, and seven centuries later, I had heard of Verelstijn!" The book is filled with out-of-way knowledge, the result of wide reading, and is all the more stimulating because the pleasure of the thing he illustrates is obvious on every page. The illustrations are quite adequate with the exception of the cones of Syracuse by Enlil and Kimon: the normal half-tone process is not suited to such marvels.

## Fiction

GEORGE GISSING: *New Grub Street*. Introduction by John Gross. 425pp. Bodley Head. 35s.

"Letter from Smith & Elder," George Gissing noted in his diary on January 7, 1881: "They think *New Grub Street* clever and original. I don't like it too gloomy. Offer £150, but fear it is once accepting (cheu!)." The note suggests both the background of the novel and Gissing's reason for writing it. He was intensely concerned with the literary world and the means of reaching honourable fame in it, and also indignant that his own careful writing ("At the end of a lifetime one will perhaps manage a page that is decently grammatical and fairly harmonious," he wrote to his brother at this time) should get so little reward. In fact the reward was far from negligible by the time he wrote *New Grub Street*. Mr. John Gross is slightly misleading when he says in a generally perceptive introduction that Gissing had been "averaging" £50 a book before *New Grub Street*, for his two previous books had earned £100 and £150. Multiply this amount several times to reach a modern equivalent and it will be realized that Gissing was, as he remained, a reasonably successful author.

Nevertheless, he did not regard himself in this light. Several demons sat on his shoulder. He might lose creative power and become unable to write, he might go blind, his health might worsen so that he turned into a permanent invalid. These fears appear in the fates of Edwin Reardon and Alfred Yule in *New Grub Street*, and to exorcize them he scarified the literary world of the time.

As Mr. Gross says, it was a decade when "the communications industry first began to assume its modern proportions," and one fascinating thing about Gissing's account of this world is the detail with which he describes it. How much will one be paid for an article in the *Wayside* or the *Current*? Will Fudge be able to retain editorship of the *Study* after printing a favourable review of a novel earlier in the paper three weeks earlier? Is Hinks' "Essay on the Historical Drama" likely to have any success? One might be playing who's in who's out at a liter-

ary cocktail party. It would be a mistake to think that Gissing viewed this world realistically. The editors of and contributors to literary magazines, in the 1880s or today, are not so time-serving nor so vicious as he makes them appear. They are more honest, and perhaps duller. But for Gissing those inside the charmed circle were by definition corrupt or worthless and those outside must have been defeated by their own integrity. The only exceptions are figures like Whelpdale who, after his novel has been "refused on all hands", becomes a contemptible servant of the new commercialism and ends as editor of *Chit Chat*, Gissing's counterpart of *Ti Bits*.

Into this half-imaginary world Gissing placed a half-imaginary self: Edwin Reardon, a novelist of integrity whose springs dry up so that he ceases to write. The portrait of Reardon the failure is contrasted to that of the successful literary journalist Jasper Milvain who maintains that "literature nowadays is a trade" and that the tradesman thinks first and foremost of the markets: when one kind of goods begins to go off slowly, he is ready with something new and appetising. The book's new springs from the very lack of balance with which these main characters are seen. Reardon's behaviour is wretched judged by almost any standards. Unable to write and continually bemoaning his own condition and that of the literary world, he reproaches his wife Amy bitterly for her failure to love him. The idea that he has any responsibility towards Amy or should feel any affection for their son, Willie ("the poor little fellow has no great place in my heart," Reardon says when he learns that Willie has diphtheria), never occurs to Gissing, and when eventually Reardon goes back to his job at a hospital clerk at twenty-five shillings a week, insists upon giving Amy half his money and appears before her shabbily dressed, he thinks with relish that she will now understand what it means to live on twelve and

## BOOK AND BOOKMEN

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## GALACTIVITIES

KATE WILHELM: *The Killing Thing*. 174pp. Herbert Jenkins. 18s.  
POUL ANDERSON: *The Trouble Twisters*. 191pp. Gollancz. 21s.  
PETER K. DICK: *The Penultimate Truth*. 254pp. Cape. 25s.  
L. P. DAVIES: *Twilight Journey*. 191pp. Herbert Jenkins. 18s.  
MICHAEL GRAY: *Minutes to Impact*. 163pp. Corgi. 21s.  
PHYLLIS MARIE WADSWORTH: *Overmind*. 284pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

Having for some time prognosticated the inevitable destruction of this planet, our crystal-gazing fabulists are now turning their attention to the ethnological reasons for this. And in most cases they emerge with a nihilist realization that humankind, so far from being the highest form of organic life, is in fact a sport, a freak, a rogue element in the cosmic order, deserving nothing but annihilation, except in rare cases where redemption by higher galactic powers effects translation into a totally different "etheric" sphere of being.

In other words, the scientific imagination has reached the margin where it melts out into mysticism.

In Miss Wilhelm's tautly constructed fable of suspense, Captain Tracy, professional soldier in the space navy of the World Group planetary empire, finds himself stranded on an uncharted and lifeless planet and the helpless quarry of an impenetrable killer-robot which has been commissioned to destroy. After agonizing days of desperate evasion and introspection, the lone hero, in his moment of apparent triumph, realizes that he himself, programmed from boyhood for destruction and devastation, is but little differentiated from his fabricated enemy.

With Mr. Poul Anderson we are once again way out with the intergalactic space merchants. In three intertwined stories he demonstrates as neatly as ever his para-ethnological ingenuity in inventing alien cultures appropriate to remote physical and historical conditions. Here

nightmare clarity techniques of subliminal suggestion and its political dangers. Dr. Clayton Solan, the inventor of the dream-induction method, withdraws from the project when he discovers that it is being ministerially exploited, and subsequently submits himself, under changing identity, to a subliminal journey in an effort to confirm an antidote to its mind-mastery effect. The force of this hypnotic idea is somewhat weakened by a curiously stilted style, as if the author was himself nervous of succumbing to his own fantasy.

Mr. Dick packs too many technological complexities and unresolved ideas into a cluttered style to make for easy reading. There is a curious moral ambiguity underlying his story of a gigantic worldwide deception perpetrated through the medium of television upon a population living permanently underground in the belief that nuclear war is still raging on the surface, waged by robots manufactured by them in their subterranean workshops. This illusion is maintained elaborately by an elite, under the domination of an artificially sustained monster, who can thus enjoy the possession of vast demesnes of untrammelled earth, served by the very robots being turned out by the deluded troglodytes. The means and motives by which the delusion is broken and what the consequences will be are left exasperatingly confused, but the ultimate impression bodes little hope of good for the race in general: it would seem that the illusory war will now be turned into a real one, in other words it would be better for earth if the vast majority of us really were imprisoned permanently beneath its surface.

Mr. Davies is obsessed by the workings at dream-level of the mind, and *Twilight Journey* explores with

Mr. Gray is pure Bond pastiche, with all the tarnished trimmings. Presumably in an effort to outdo his prototype in one respect, the sadism is drawn out for chapter after chapter, and the various Service chiefs, ministers, and heads of State are more mutton-headed than even Ian Fleming could make them. The style is more Sapper than Fleming, anyway.

Mrs. Wadsworth writes, with a starry-eyed naivety which is almost comic. Superstitions from Venus have established communication with a group of scientists living in a cottage in Devon. These they instruct in nightly sessions in the secrets of the Universe, a glorious *macedoine* of parapsychology, occultism, astrology, hypnology, mysticism, ESP and in music of the spheres. From time to time Teilhard, de Chardin is ecstasically invoked, and there is, of course, a transcendental love-affair made in Venus, and destined to inaugurate a new generation of super-babies.

Mr. Anderson is obsessed by the workings at dream-level of the mind, and *Twilight Journey* explores with

# Michael Joseph

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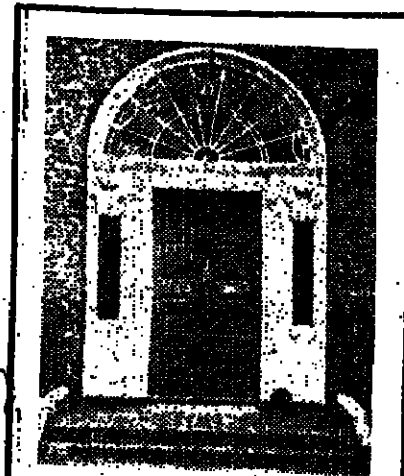
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Bodley Head



WILFRED KNAPP: *A History of War and Peace, 1939-1965*. 639pp. Oxford University Press, for Chatham House. £3 3s.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Chatham House published *Short History of International Affairs* by Mr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, covering the inter-war years. It bore the same kind of relation to the annual *Survey* that a quarter-inch Ordnance Survey map bears to the larger scale. Mr. Wilfred Knapp's book looks like a repetition of the same useful exercise for the subsequent era, though it is not expressly so labelled. He evidently relies heavily on the post-war *Survey of International Affairs*, but also on many other published sources as well, which are much more copious than at the corresponding date before the war. In acknowledging his debt to other scholars, he writes that "in a real sense, this book is drawn from the life of a great university". His testimonial confirms that the scholarship of Oxford is still judicious, sober and accurate, but suggests that it may sometimes lack vision and imagination.

Nothing is omitted, nothing distorted, and much extenuated by Mr. Knapp's humane and charitable judgment. Verdicts are few and generally orthodox. The essential facts are tidily arranged round a few crucial themes—the wartime alliance, the cold war, the successive crises in the Middle East, the Far East, South-east Asia, Europe, Africa; then the Common Market,

## DATED FACTS

ELLEN J. HAMMER: *The Struggle for Indochina, 1940-1955*. 373pp. Stanford University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 8s.

The people of Southern Viet Nam can neither be bribed nor intimidated to join forces with the West against the Communists, but they certainly would do so if they were permitted, through the achievement of unity in conditions of freedom, to enjoy the liberties which they cannot have under Communism. It would be well not to underestimate the ability of the Vietnamese to govern himself and to fight for what he believes in—if he is given something in which

to believe by his own independent leaders.

With this interesting judgment Dr. Hammer ended the postscript which she wrote in 1955 to *The Struggle for Indochina* which appeared in 1954. At the time Dr. Hammer was almost alone in the field. There had been little serious analysis in English of the problem of Vietnam, which had until the Geneva Conference of 1954 mainly concerned the French, and the French had mostly been too busy to analyse. Her book was highly critical of the French and British record in Indo-China; it was in many ways grossly unfair, it omitted important facts, it contained inaccuracies, and the postscript, which included a superficial account of the Geneva Conference of 1954, bore signs of hurried, ill-organized writing. However, considering the paucity of her sources, the author had done quite well. Her book was a reasonable, if biased, account of the immediate past and it was rightly called "the most authoritative work on the subject in English" and "an indispensable source", because there was little else.

There is, however, no paucity of sources today. General de Gaulle, Lord Avon, President Eisenhower, General Navarre and Ely, to name only a few of those intimately concerned, have all made substantial personal contributions which were not available when Dr. Hammer wrote her book. These should have enabled her to correct errors of fact and interpretation, and to modify judgments made, in some cases, within months of the event. This more recent work of the late Bernard Fall and the account of the ending of French rule in Indo-China written by M. Lacouture and M. Devillers in 1960 are both indispensable to an understanding of the period, while Donald Lancaster's elegant and authoritative *The Emancipation of French Indo-China*, published in 1961, has entirely superseded Dr. Hammer.

It is thus surprising to learn from the preface that, except for "slight modifications in sequence in the last three pages", the present work is exactly what was published in 1954 and 1955. The author herself appears to find merit in this and her publishers say her book "remains the standard work on the complex background of the present conflict in Vietnam". This is nonsense. The book should not have been reissued without radical revision. The relevance of its final paragraph to the different situation today is worthy of note, but as a whole *The Struggle for Indochina, 1940-1955* is simply twelve years less useful, even for its American perspective, than it was. There is no bibliography.

## VISA FOR HANOI

HARRISON F. SALISBURY: *Behind the Lines—Hanoi*. December 23, 1966—January 7, 1967. 243pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

In the late spring and early summer of 1966 Harrison Salisbury travelled round the periphery of China, looking at that great country from the viewpoints of its neighbours. The journey was described in the excellent *Orbit of China*. Mr. Salisbury saw the situation in China, with the problem of food and population making, he thought, Chinese aggressiveness inevitable, as a serious short to medium-term danger to world peace. In the shadow of this danger the American preoccupation with Vietnam appeared foolish and irrelevant. If real disaster was to be averted all the diplomatic skill of the United States must be exercised so that mutual confidence might be restored and so that China might be helped to solve her problem without provoking a major catastrophe. Now, in the book of the dispatches from Hanoi which aroused much attention at the beginning of the year, the same author finds the rulers of North Vietnam so disturbed by the crazy chaos of China's Cultural Revolution and by her increasingly embittered relations with Russia that they are genuinely anxious to negotiate an end to the war in Vietnam.

Mr. Salisbury saw an indication of the North Vietnamese attitude in the very fact that he was given a visa for Hanoi. He is not of course a hawk, but even the hawks would not seriously suggest that his concern is for anything but the interests of his own country. Hanoi, he felt, had a message to pass through someone who was certain to be taken seriously in the West. Hence the visa, and hence four and a half hours of conversation with the North Vietnamese premier, Pham Van Dong. It may be that too much is made of this, that the author exaggerates the significance of his luck: certainly the difficulties of getting to Hanoi take up too much of his space. Even so the book had to be written and a good deal of it needs to be read.

The author reached Hanoi on December 23, 1966, and left on January 7, 1967. His most important conclusions are that the bombing of North Vietnam is counter-productive, that the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam is not a puppet of Hanoi, and that the North Vietnamese would negotiate an end to the war which would be acceptable to the United States if they were given a chance. He is clearly anxious not to produce a hardening of hawkish attitudes and his language is greively moderate throughout.

The bombing, he says, is damaging the rural economy of North Vietnam by taking labour from the ricefields for the immense effort required to keep communications in repair. It is making military movement southwards more difficult but may well not have reduced it. The damage is very extensive to inhabited localities in general; in the Delta area he visited he found that virtually every building of more than one storey appeared to have been a target, mostly without obvious military reason. The destruction seemed no more concentrated than in the Second World War, and it certainly did not support the official claim that new bombing methods of pin-point accuracy were being used. It has been suggested that the author failed to distinguish between ruins left by the French in 1954 with those caused by the bombing. This is hardly likely in a climate where ruins deteriorate rapidly even if they are not overgrown.

Homes, houses and purely civilian areas of cities were vanishing under the impact of American air power. The "humaneness" of the American air effort produced the same desolated countryside, wounded and mangled men, women and children which had been the inevitable characteristic of the air war in Europe and Asia during World War II.

Both in Hanoi, where there was undoubtedly bomb damage on December 13/14, 1966, and elsewhere the air raids were causing a remarkable "spray of the blitz" which was powerfully reinforcing the national exercise was counter-productive. The author was impressed by the nationalist bias of North Vietnamese victory of Dien Bien Phu to which the exaggerated significance, in popular mythology, The tendency is to look for a Dien Bien Phu analogy in the present struggle with the United States, to the point that the fundamental differences between 1954 and 1967 are ignored. The same anti-like application which succeeded against the French cannot, the Vietnamese feel, fail against the Americans, whose morale they think is already cracking. Mr. Salisbury could make little headway against these misconceptions. He found considerable differences in sophistication, political outlook and political programme between the North Vietnamese Government and the mission of the National Liberation Front in Hanoi, which he regarded as evidence of the Front's valid South Vietnamese nature.

As for reunification of north and south, "it seemed clear to me that not only would it be quite a few years before reunification occurred, but that it also might never occur". On January 2, 1967, the author was received by the North Vietnamese Prime Minister, having submitted questions for all three of the main leaders in advance. Pham Van Dong, perhaps designedly, gave an impression of confidence. It was clear that a crisis had been created in the country by the bombing in its early stages, but this had evidently been overcome. The north, he said, could continue to withstand increasing American pressure and was ready for it, even up to the destruction of its two main cities; the commitment of massive American ground forces in South Vietnam had not tilted the balance against the Vietcong, whose popular support continued to grow. The United States had started the war by attacking North Vietnam: to stop the war all that was necessary was to stop this attack; pressed to say what North Vietnam would do then, the premier made it clear "in specific words that North Vietnam would not stand with folded hands if the United States actually were to halt the bombing unconditionally".

If not, a moment might come when Chinese volunteers would be accepted. The conditions were not specified, but the impression was consistent with what the author had already been told.

## ON YOUR MARX

Essential Writings of Karl Marx. Cate. 254pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 2s. (Paperback, 50p. 8s. 6d. Panther.)

David Cate's compilation raises the question whether the thought of a great writer can be effectively "introduced" by means of a series of brief snippets from his works, however intelligently chosen and well arranged. There can be no doubt that Dr. Cate has worked hard at his editorial job. The extracts cover every facet of Marx's thought and are laid out in a manner that illustrates its evolution. The connecting passages, although brief, make for cohesion and assist intelligibility. Yet one may well ask whether the job itself ought to have been attempted; for those who set out to use this book as an introduction are not likely to go far before suffering from acute mental indigestion.

Indeed, nothing could be better calculated to convince the comparatively innocent reader that Marx was an exponent of sublime mysticism and nonsense of the most rebarbatively Hegelian kind than to begin, as

## MAN ON HORSEBACK

Sir EDWARD SPEARS: *The Picnic Basket*. 224pp. Secker and Warburg. 36s.

The most surprising discovery in store for readers of Sir Edward Spears' latest volume of autobiographical sketches will be to learn that as a boy his health was so bad that he could not go to school in his winters. Instead was sent to the South of France; it was lighting on a collection of her correspondence in an old picnic basket that has sparked off this book and agreeable compilation of what Sir Edward has seen and heard while in France which he then there was civil war in China, a false move by North Vietnamese, a Chinese paragon in his leader, might even lead to a Chinese revolution. This was why Hanoi was interested in talking terms.

But even so there was a grave threat. It could not take long to directly test this provoke the very kind of which it was most fearful. At Hanoi was ready to talk and by closing the frontier and cutting supplies, by bringing political pressure to bear within the North Vietnamese Government, or by sending in "volunteers" to shift the balance toward war.

Completely secret, direct talks known to the Chinese until they reached success, were then a possibility. Mr. Salisbury says that a settlement acceptable to the United States could now be negotiated.

It is much to be hoped that this so; the failure of public interest since January proves nothing else. But does the United States really wish for a settlement?

I was told when I was still in the by someone who had been recently in Saigon that the American military establishment there would accept negotiations at this time, a matter what Hanoi said. "If he was in trouble, if China was about to blow up, if the North Vietnamese were about to lose their supply line, talk to them? They will have to us later on. Let's hit them with we've got."

The trouble about this argument which the author also encountered in Washington on his return, was it led straight to confrontation of China's land forces. Or was the object of the United States in Southeast Asia to force a confrontation with China? Many people thought this too.

Perhaps those generals were right who believed that the only way to deal with China was to atomize it. But I thought there must be another way. Was it true that we could not find a way to live with China? Must the goal be turned into a poison bomb? Or was it China? I did not believe in Surely America's heritage, Yankee ingenuity and the democratic imagination of our great people could devise a better course.

A kindly critic has called Mr. Salisbury an "innocent bystander", and it is true that there are gaps in his background knowledge of the Vietnam problem. He is, however, an experienced observer and he reports his observations in good faith. He more he has given us much to think about.

## MARRYING DANGEROUSLY

DAVID LEWIS: *Daughters of the Wind*. 315pp. £2 2s. MYRTLE SIMPSON: *White Horizons*. 191pp. 32s. 6d. Gollancz.

Most married men who travel dangerously are careful to leave their families at home. The few exceptions, and their reasons for it, are well worth looking at, as these two narratives show.

Dr. Lewis is a New Zealander with some boyhood experience of Pacific islands which gave him a strong interest in how the Polynesians populated them. After marrying his young wife Fiona they decided to give up his seventeen years' practice in East London and build the Rahu Moana, a catamaran which given their circumstances would henceforth be their only home. The arrival of Susie and Vicky did not alter this; they would have to go wherever the Rahu Moana was sailed. *Daughters of the Wind* describes how it took them halfway round the world, from New York past the Horn to New Zealand. When they started, they steal their father's book in spite of his characteristically sardonic remark that "I have been forced to adopt the language of their current sayings": judgment on his own philosophical and subsequent extracts are far more readily understandable. (For a mature Marx, as is well known, the peculiar language of his youthful but, as the *Holy Family* still appears under the heading of "Foundations of Marxism", one might well say to the conclusion that if the foundations are so unsound, the whole structure must be crazy.)

This is not really the way to introduce anybody to anything; it can succeed only if closely followed by a "Life and Works" volume, in which chapters of which the extracts are clearly related as "source material". Although it may have some value as a work of reference, it is not adequate as a continuous exposition.

It must be the only young mother whose nursery has been tossed by the wildest winds and waves in the world while learning to take some of the load off her husband's shoulders. She nearly broke down before the Horn was reached through

Edward has based himself on regimental histories. But sometimes Dornford Yates seems to have lent a hand: for example, he writes "as a breeze may lift the flounce of a woman's skirt an air current raised the fog for a moment revealing not a shapely ankle but a great solid light packed immobile mass of German horsemen in profile". It must be a long time since Sir Edward (or anyone else for that matter) last saw a breeze lift the flounce of a woman's skirt.

The same regrettable mentor seems to have accompanied him on his visit to the battlefield of Poliers which takes up the last third of the book. Basing himself on Froisart he imagines himself as a spectator of the battle but does not hesitate to recognize in Sir John Chandos the counterpart of his friend Oliver Lyttelton and naturally the language is of the appropriate fustian. The field is covered with

rich green vines "so closely interwoven as to form a deep emerald coloured carpet"; we are not surprised to learn that the protagonists spoke "a strange but not unusual tongue" or that "another cause for wonder was that the sun was low in the east". What a far cry this is from the French general who appeared before Reynaud's cabinet in June, 1940, and in Sir Edward's own unforgettable words said "in the voice of a seafaring passenger asking a passing steward for a basin 'It looks like a capitulation'".

If this last section looks a little like a capitulation too it is certainly, as we know from his career, far from final. There is a charming photograph on the cover of the author as a subaltern, and the frontispiece shows that his vitality is unimpaired and his hand capable of another of those marvellous works of Anglo-French history to which in his life he has himself made such an important contribution.

## THE CAMPBELL WHO ARRIVED

PATRICK CAMPBELL: *My Life and Easy Times*. Produced by Vivienne Knight. 215pp. Anthony Blond. 30s.

"For as long as I can remember", Patrick Campbell writes in this agreeable autobiography, "the family lived in considerable comfort—on the very edge of bankruptcy". There could scarcely be a more orthodox Irish joke than that. The professional jester must trade in the expected and Campbell is rigid in his waywardness, making himself master of the timely diversion, reporting to bars or parties in the way that soldiers go on parade.

Egotism combined with a lack of vanity: that is Irish too. You could call it a total respect for the human spirit, starting with one's own. Having spent a quarter of his book writing affectionately about his father ("the Lord") he confesses that he "never really knew him at all", which seems a breathtaking example of the national virtue of refusing to intrude into private personality. Unsurprisingly, Patrick Campbell never seems to have got used to becoming Lord Glenavy himself.

The book is embellished with rather charming off-beat photographs like "Sports Day at Crawley's, when I won the 220 yards Under Eleven", or his mother concentratedly cheating herself at patience. The account of his hirings and firings is chiefly interesting for the unfashionably low status he accords work as a worthwhile human activity. With equal frankness he takes us behind the scenes in the making of his commercials, never flinching from explaining how he became the television personality with the lucrative stammer. The title page says the book has been "produced by Vivienne Knight". A touch of absent-mindedness, or a momentary confusion of chores? Nothing of the sort. It means, Patrick Campbell explains, exactly what it says. Each chapter was discussed closely with his wife who compelled him to be as honest and self-searching as he could. A new experience, he calls it.

## BALKAN RESISTANCE

COSTA DE LOVERDO: *Les Maquis rouges des Balkans, 1941-1945*. Grèce-Yugoslavie-Albanie. 389pp. Paris: Stock. 24fr.

Despite its title, Mr. de Loverdo's book is concerned with all the resistance movements in Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania, not only with those dominated by the Communists. He writes without either nationalist or ideological bias. Himself a Greek, educated for the Orthodox priesthood, though diverted from it by the war, his sympathies are equally generous to the Albanians and Yugoslavs as to the Greeks, and to the Communist as to the non-Communist guerrillas. As an altitude it is to be admired, but since it is never recaptured from the other side, there has inevitably grown up a false impression of the character of Balkan resistance.

Mr. de Loverdo belongs to the dramatic and romantic school of his-

torians. Anecdotes and personal sketches prevail over scholarly analysis of the resistance movements. Much mythology has grown up around them, and the author accepts it uncritically; but there is a sense in which such mythology contains a fundamental truth about great events which the historians miss. A case in point is his account of the destruction of the Gorgopotamos railway viaduct in November, 1942, which is unreliable in point of fact but nevertheless full of the right atmosphere, like a heroic ballad. There are few books on the Balkans under Nazi occupation which reproduce that atmosphere so consistently as Mr. de Loverdo's very readable story, supported as it is by deeply moving photographs.

# Olympia



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W H. BORN WITHIN THE last forty years, has read one word of . . . that whole race who called themselves Free-thinkers? Edmund Burke asked in his famous pamphlet on the French Revolution, "Who ever read Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world?"

That the younger generation had forgotten Bolingbroke's deistic philosophy, except to equate it vaguely with atheism, was not entirely true. But only for the detractors and critics in the older generation had Bolingbroke been required reading—for believers like Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon. Except perhaps for Dr. Johnson, who pretended to have "never read Bolingbroke's impiety" and left it at the usual remarks to Boswell ("Sir, he was a scoundrel") and a few witty Dictionary entries (*trous*: "meaning contrary to the words, as *Bolingbroke* was a *holy man*"). In time, the obloquy was to become better known than its cause. No wonder that a nineteenth-century biographer, John Morley no less, concluded that Bolingbroke must have been the greatest charlatan in English history. Burke smelt it, when barely forty years after Bolingbroke's death he called on the arbiters of posthumous fame, the booksellers, to say that *The Works of Lord Bolingbroke* were as dead as their author.

The original publication of these five stately quarto volumes—at three pounds fifteen shillings, no mean sum in 1754—was more of a *succès de scandale* than a commercial success. As there were half a dozen reprintings and editions in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, we cannot call the *Works* a drug on the market. But there is much evidence that they were more talked about than purchased, and more written about than read. Even in our own day, when inexorable academic pressure for new research subjects has given Bolingbroke a second lease of life, supplies of the later editions of his *Works* have not yet disappeared from the dusty shelves of antiquarian booksellers. And now we have another printing, in four handsome octavo volumes, the first in 123 years. It is austere. It has no modern preface, editorial matter, or scholarly apparatus. The only information given is that it is a reprint (which really means photo-offset); and that the present edition was first collected in 1844 (which it was not); the London 1844 printing here reproduced was in actual fact merely a reissue of the Philadelphia 1841 edition). The edition chosen for reproduction is a good one. A definitive edition it is not, nor can it be. Some of Bolingbroke's writings remain to be found and identified, and the actual manuscript of a large part of the *Works*, in the British Museum, remains to be collated. While there is need for a more authoritative text than the present edition, the better-known historical and political writings, like the *Letters on the Study and Use of History* and *The Idea of a Patriot King*, no conceivable need exists for another text of his long-forgotten, so-called philosophical writings. As they are published here, they will neither mislead those who are not familiar with Bolingbroke, nor cause controversy among those who are.

The first publisher of the *Works* had to—and probably hoped to—encounter a great deal of controversy. The publication of 1754 deserves a prominent place among the great opinion controversies in English history, namely, that over Hobbes's *Leviathan*, the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and Darwinism. Like them, it produced a mass of polemical literature and engaged the established church in a war dance. David Mallet, the man instructed in Bolingbroke's will to bring out the collected works, had a hard time. Posthumous publication meant that both Bolingbroke's friends and enemies—who knew very well that in his manuscripts Christian metaphysics

was characterized as a form of madness and divines as frauds—had ample opportunity to put pressure on the publisher. Some asked him to excise the offensive parts; others, to stop publication altogether. Indeed, among the threatening letters to Mallet, there was at least one death threat. He ignored the clamour and went ahead, withdrawing only a still extant preface, which in any case had been composed, anonymously, by Bolingbroke's wary disciple Lord Chesterfield. Subsequently, Dr. Johnson condemned Mallet as the man who, for profit, pulled the posthumous trigger of Bolingbroke's impious blunders; Sir Walter Scott was to discourse on Mallet's "pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at Bolingbroke's invitation"; and even the nineteenth-century editor of the Marchmont letters, among which there were some

denominations accept it: in his day, none did. And that was only one of many typically deist heresies which Mallet now broadcast to the world, as a literate public opinion was called in the eighteenth century. "The world's" reaction was immediate. In the distant American colonies a young man Thomas Jefferson might make Bolingbroke's philosophical works his bible. In the England of George II things were otherwise.

David Garrick noted that the day the *Works* were published, Henry Pelham, Walpole's successor as prime minister, died, and in an ode celebrated this sinister coincidence. At least four Anglican bishops and more than a dozen clergymen-pamphleteers "answered" Bolingbroke's atheism, the more learned tackling the philosophical essays, the others picking heresies off the historical writings. Some of the major replies

## Rouault

Down musters its brutalities.  
The light crackles  
and shakes out like a lash

over pulchre and brothel,  
over us—the clowns.  
The prostitute, the king, wake up

to tragedy:  
his kingdom eeded while he slept,  
her sex a mere brushstroke.

We could tell them why,  
our ancient musk gripping like fangs  
as we stumble out of doors.

DAVID HARNETT

of Bolingbroke's, had to purge himself of the suspicion that he was a second Mallet. The luckless Mallet had other troubles too, perhaps deservedly. About half the pieces in the *Works* had already been printed before, several by another publisher, who quickly made claims against him. This time to nothing, and the *Works* appeared unhindered—twice, first the complete works and then the thus far unpublished half, the latter for the benefit of those who owned already what had appeared before. It was the newly published half, entitled *Philosophical Works*, which caused most, though not all, of the fuss. What had already been available dealt with politics and history, both as philosophies and as ad hoc justifications for the superiority of Tories over Whigs, of Bolingbroke over Walpole. The new half—volumes III and IV of the present publication—dealt with religion, with the virtues of natural over revealed religion, and with the defects of metaphysical reasoning. These writings were for the most part cast in the form of letters or essays addressed to the late Alexander Pope, for whose edification Bolingbroke had first written them down, revising them for publication many years later.

Their vital centre is the familiar, eighteenth-century Rationalist view of religion: the God of orthodox religion is an anthropomorphic delusion supported by vested clerical interests (deism); the real God, having created and ordered the universe, does not require to manifest himself by supernatural or miraculous device and commands belief without them (theism). The particular version of the many available deistic broke: adopted was by no means explicitly opposed to atheism. But its elaboration required him, to attack, chiefly by ridicule, many of the beliefs theologians thought essential to be thought absurd. Bolingbroke's *bête noire* was Moses. Like famous thinkers, he denied that Moses had written the Pentateuch. That was not an unreasonable position, seeing that the Pentateuch speaks of Moses's death and burial. Today, of course, all major Christian

ran to book-length, the method varying from painstaking argument to plain abuse. The paranoid Bishop Warburton admitted that his own tome *contra* Bolingbroke might offend some of Bolingbroke's remaining friends on account of "the scurrility of my pen". He was right, for one of them, the Attorney-General, soon wrote Warburton a thinly-disguised anonymous letter, upbraiding him for wild and pointless argumentation ("you . . . conclude the whole in a Piss Pot"). A fifth bishop, Archbishop Herring, wanted censorship; a grand jury at Westminster presented the philosophical works and their publisher as being subversive of religion, government, morality, and His Majesty's peace. Inevitably, the prospect that "the gospel of St. Lord Bolingbroke" should be the established religion of this nation, and "squire Mallet having the honour of being his evangelist" became favourite copy for the journals, letter-writers, diarists, satirists, and men of letters generally, with Henry Fielding composing a crude, and Thomas Gray a sophisticated, rebuttal of Bolingbroke's religious views. The general conclusion was that despite the public encouragement to freethinking it had given, the publication was a "victory-triumph" and public peace was safe. Several writers assured "the world" that luckily the high price of the volumes prevented the spread of their contents to the vulgar; otherwise, as some Christ Church men put it, "we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders".

The modern reader will not find the cause of all the fuss merely in the pages that are before him. Contemporary commentators, from David Hume on down, denied the *Works* any intrinsic importance but attributed their notoriety to the author's elevated station—a lord, whose very rank gave a fictitious authenticity to his views. Other reasons entered also. Clergy-baiting was deliberately fostered by publishers, Hume, himself attacked for infidel philosophizing, reminded his reluctant publisher, who had been Mallet's partner, that clerical outcries increased sales, and that this had been his, the publisher's, expectation in the Bolingbroke ven-

ture. Politics played their part. Many of the clergy attacking Bolingbroke, including Warburton, seeking preferment from the king to whom Bolingbroke's enemies came back to the point, "man of quality" had no doubt writing against religion, even were conceded that his might be true. This view of it was not surprising. At the time, theism was badly out of fashion, evangelicalism had not fully come. Hence the chief argument for the established church among the men who counted, not that it was true, but that it held together society and state. If Anglicanism was no emotional commitment, required at least a little support from public attack, Bolingbroke Mallet had offended the manly age. That was their real reason, not the opinions expressed in the *Works*. "Will not every man lament with me so abstractedly of things as that must be," complained one of Bolingbroke's copal critics, "where atheistic principles give less offence to our less than ill-manners" (p. 12). Rhetorically, politeness, not deism, was king. The private eyes of unorthodox opinion—those of the eighteenth century, those of the nineteenth century—were out in the observation in the breach—was one thing. The expression in a nobleman's physical writings was another. The longer party to that compact was to feel that the exposure of Mallet a drunkard would undermine public peace, he might still find things to excite him in these times. Apart from his two concave voices of being superficial and of Bolingbroke was after all the Voltaire. This much said, the rest is none the less more likely to be Bolingbroke's political writings, parties, patriotism, monarchy, history, and skip the rest: laity's judgment of the *Works* stands: many leaves and little

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The fifty-four signatory countries to the International Copyright Convention of Berne, together with many observers from non-signatory countries, are now assembled in Stockholm to consider a fifth revision of the eighty-year-old convention. The United Kingdom is represented by the Board of Trade, supported by interested unofficial bodies, including the British Copyright Council, which embraces the organizations of authors, composers, journalists, publishers and others concerned with the maintenance of their members' literary and creative property rights.

International copyright has always been a fragile affair: a system of compromise based on reciprocity and calculated national self-interest. States adhere to international copyright conventions because if they did not they would lose more by the purloining of their nationals' intellectual property than they would gain by the freedom to help themselves to the output of other countries. In the last century (and even later) the United States was the great literary throbber: pirated editions of Dickens and Trollope were on sale in New York and Boston within days of the arrival of steam-packets carrying the original proofs. This early American refusal to accept international copyright was also bound up with the provision of its printing industry. Since 1917 the Soviet Union has remained outside international agreements, partly from a revolutionary feeling that the fruits of men's minds should be available to the whole world, and in more recent years partly because of complications arising from a multi-national, multi-lingual state. Communist China and Cuba recently have used the same revolutionary arguments as did the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, with these exceptions, the Berne Convention of 1886 has been a successful instrument for securing order in a difficult field, and it was supplemented in 1955 by UNESCO's Universal Copyright Convention. This was designed to secure the support of the United States (which has always maintained that Berne's automatic protection for life and fifty post-mortem years was too restrictive) and of the developing countries. The U.C.C.'s minimum term of protection is twenty-five years after publication. Also if no authorized translation of a work is made within seven years of its publication, an unauthorized translation may be published. It has been confidently expected that Russia would in time adhere to U.C.C.—a hope encouraged by her joining the patents and industrial property division of the Berne Union in 1965.

Although among the countries most productive in these fields the respect for international copyright has never looked fairer, in recent years the views of the emergent countries have had to be kept in mind. The first need is cheap and easy means of educational material which may be films, broadcast material, music, and artistic works as well as books. These states, particularly the African countries, regard themselves as importers and consumers of such works rather than as producers and exporters.

To meet their needs Unesco in 1963 held a conference in Brazzaville, where the delegates were mostly from developing countries. This conference was continued, and concluded in Geneva in December, 1964. The idea of it was to secure the adherence of the developing countries to the Convention without their having to submit to the full terms. Two

major schemes were formulated. A protocol was drawn up for the approval of the conference of Berne signatories planned to consider various revisions of the convention in Stockholm this month; and two model copyright laws, for African and Asian countries, were drafted. The model laws are the practical expression of the principles set down in the proposed (but not yet approved) protocol, and in tandem they could drive a coach and horses through the laboriously erected structure of international copyright.

In essence both introduce a new concept: countries accounting themselves as developing may restrict and even withdraw for a period copyright protection on certain kinds of work. The protocol states that any developing country which considers itself economically unable to observe full protection may "reserve the right, for exclusively educational, scientific or scholarly purposes, to restrict the protection of literary and artistic works". In the model laws this is implemented by giving a "Minister or competent authority" the power to permit "public libraries, non-commercial documentation centres, scientific institutions and educational establishments" the right to "reproduce, in the necessary number for the purpose of their activities, by a photographic or similar process, literary, scientific or artistic works". Provision is also made in the African model law for using copyright works whose reproduction has been "unreasonably refused" and for modifying "exorbitant" conditions.

Even to the layman, the questions pose themselves with frightening clarity. What is a developing country or one that would claim to be? Could not claims be made by such states as Israel and Ireland? What are the limits of literary, scientific or artistic work? And would the educational frontiers surround, say, *Ulysses*? And who is to designate the authorized institutions which by modern reproduction methods may easily publish large editions of de-copyrighted text books? Only the "Minister or competent authority" will decide.

Before condemning these proposals as invitations to legalized theft of intellectual property, the case of the developing countries, mostly in Africa, must be tackled. They claim to have difficulties in tracking down copyright owners of works they need and in securing assent to terms they regard as reasonable. This may be true to some extent in individualist societies where authors and publishers have the sole right of disposal of their property, but it is likely to be only marginally significant. In any case there are few problems about translations or about works issued in an indigenous tongue; the books needed by the developing states are those published in the languages of the metropolitan countries, above all in English.

Yet English language publishers are fully aware of the need to cooperate with these countries. British houses with a long tradition of local publishing in former colonial territories and United States Government-subsidized organizations, have made considerable developments in several of these new countries. In a paper on "Publishing in Emergent Countries", delivered at the International Publishers Congress in Washington in 1965, Mr. John Brown, publisher of the Oxford University Press, said:

Established publishers controlling many copyrights in countries which at the moment are exporting knowledge to low income countries must not be restrictive in the control of their copyrights. . . . They must allow publishers in the low income countries to translate, or even to reprint in the original tongue . . . on terms which take account of the limitations of each language and area. This policy is generally accepted in the metropolitan countries. Clearly, though, with copyright waived, the developing countries would save some export of cash on account of royalties and the export of profits by non-indigenous publishers. They would also save time in negotiation. But there are other economic factors to be considered. How long will non-indigenous edu-

cational publishers continue to operate in and for such countries if they have no assurance of copyright protection? And for how long will authors, native and foreign, be commissioned to write for them in English or their native tongue? A great barrier to reprint publication in non-copyright conditions is not only that an issued work may be pirated, but also that publishers are afraid that a rival may be helping himself to the same work.

Moreover in time the emergent countries will surely become producers and exporters of books; indeed, some have already begun. What of reciprocity then? True, the proposals for easing copyright restriction are short-term only, though renewable, but long before this the now growing links between metropolitan publishers with their authors, indigenous or foreign, and emergent countries may have snapped. Moreover, although no metropolitan publisher doubts that in time primary school books at least will become the province of the developing countries, for the intervening period the role of the foreign publisher is essential to these new states.

Let it be thought that fears about the consequences of the new proposals are unfounded, it is worth noting that Zambia and Uganda have already acted on the model law, and that it is being considered by Kenya and Malta. The prospect of the latter off-shore island emulating that other notorious lair of literary pirates, Formosa, is alarming. Every country can decide its own copyright laws, and the Stockholm protocol is no more than a powerful green light, yet if it is passed—and it has to be accepted unanimously by all the signatories—it will certainly have a widespread and snowballing effect. At Stockholm the British Government is opposing the proposed protocol, but its Commonwealth associations make the position difficult; it would not want to be put in the position of vetoing a scheme which the developing countries claim to need. If the benefits they expect can be held to be exaggerated or counterbalanced by other factors insufficiently appreciated, then more detailed examination is needed than is possible at a conference called to discuss all kinds of copyright questions. Public debate is desirable on a matter hitherto largely confined to interested parties. One argument used by opponents of Britain's entry into the Common Market is that binding decisions affecting us will be made by faraway committees of which we know little and for whom there is no parliamentary accountability. Is something like this now happening to the British book world in Stockholm?

Our reviewer writes:—I am grateful for this important correction. This is only one more example of the many misleading statements made in *Printing and the Mind of Man*.

WHY?  
Sir—As a continually reviewed person and this odd book on education will be respectfully received as a serious contribution to the subject. A literary critical book will be received, even by those who disagree with it, with gratitude for having at least raised issues responsibly. A novel will be reviewed with recognition of the labour involved. These are all treated, irrespective of quality, even when being trotted, with generosity, in the main.

By contrast, one's poetry is more often than not seized by reviewers, not least in your paper, as an opportunity for insults.

I wonder why?  
DAVID HOLBROOK.  
Ducklake, Ashwell, Baldock, Herts.

ST. BERNARD?

Sir—In your issue for June 8 a review of *The Wind and the Sirens* of Bernard Shaw suggested that Shaw had never been recognized to have been a saint. In my *Bernard Shaw: A Chronicle*, 1951 (page 313) I wrote that he was.

R. F. RATTRAY.  
26 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge.

LOST AND FOUND

Sir—Part of a typescript has come into our possession, the owner of which we are unable to trace. It consists of Chapters four and five of a work on the history of church music (probably the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries only), and has clearly been marked up for a printer. Chapter four is entitled "Some Performance Problems"; and Chapter five "Trends and Influences". We think it likely that it was part of a parcel which broke open in the post, and was mistakenly included with a typescript of our own which had also broken open.

Inquiries of the G.P.O. and a leading church music authority have failed to produce an owner for this material, and we should be grateful for the help of your readers in returning this to its rightful owner.

STEPHEN C. ALBERT,  
Managing Editor.  
Valentine, Mitchell & Co. Ltd., 18  
Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4.

China Looks at  
the WorldReflections for a dialogue:  
eight letters to T'ang-lin

by F. Geoffrey-Dechaume

"Written with a real understanding . . . his reflections are based on 30 years living in China or on its periphery; reflections on its civilization and on the conflict that must be resolved between China and the world if ever we are to escape the bickering of nation-states. . . . A rare book, at once assured and modest."—RICHARD HARRIS, THE TIMES.

Foreword by Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker. Introduction by Professor Paul Mus. 36s.

French  
North Africa  
The Maghrib between  
two world wars  
by Jacques Berque

A study in space and time of the three most important countries of the Maghrib—Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia—and the many conflicts involved in their emergence from colonialism. Jacques Berque is Professor of the Social History of Contemporary Islam at the Collège de France, and this book follows an earlier one on *The Arabs: Their History and Future*. Translated by Jean Stewart. With a map. 70s.

## Strategy of Action

by André Beaufre

General Beaufre, whose earlier books *An Introduction to Strategy and Deterrence* and *Strategy* are still the subject of intensive discussion, now turns his logical and enquiring mind to the problem of action—governmental action in the field of international relations. 25s.

The Strategy of  
Civilian DefenceNon-violent resistance to aggression  
edited by Adam Roberts

Adam Roberts writes in his Introduction: "It takes some temerity to suggest that non-violent action might provide the basis for a defence policy." For the first time, the nature and problems of such a policy are seriously examined by a group of experts, including Lord Chalfont, Sir Basil Liddell Hart, and the leading American strategist, Professor Thomas C. Schelling. 42s.

Counter-Insurgency  
Campaigning

by Julian Paget

A detailed study of three major campaigns waged by Britain since the war, in Malaya, Kenya and Cyprus. Colonel Paget analyses them and draws conclusions from them which will provide lessons for the future. "A valuable book"—THIRTIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. With 3 maps. 30s.

## Mosquito

by C. Martin Sharp  
and Michael J. F. Bowyer

"It is doubtful if there has ever been a more comprehensive, a more detailed or a better produced book about one aircraft than this"—FLIGHT INTERNATIONAL. With 138 photographs and 19 maps and diagrams. 84s.

## Faber &amp; Faber



## RULING THE WAVES?

**B. B. SCHOFIELD:** *British Sea Power. Naval Policy in the Twentieth Century.* 271pp. Batsford. £2 5s.

on the size of naval forces the country needed. He also appears not to appreciate that those responsible for the country's economic welfare and political stability can be perfectly justified in rejecting the technically correct advice of their military advisers.

Admiral Schofield's other main thesis is that Britain in the past has frequently been placed in extreme peril due to the failure of governments to provide enough money for the navy. Here again he overstates a good case. His is a simple world in which the villains are politicians, economists, pacifists and idealists who have failed to give the admirals the resources required for the country's security. He admits that the admirals have made mistakes on such matters as efficacy of the submarine and the need for aircraft carriers but fails to realize that such professional misjudgments gave political leaders legitimate grounds to doubt the validity of their judgments.

## SEAWORTHY

*Marine and Sea Power.* 278pp. Peter

been the indispensable agent of success in the open seas from the fact that a collection of ships in convoy is much harder to find than the same number sailing independently. In the First World War, especially, convoys owed their immunity more to not being intercepted than to their fighting power of their escorts. In the Second World War victory depended not on the mere existence of a convoy system but also on the relative fighting effectiveness of the attacking submarines. German U-boats were defeated in the Atlantic by the superior technology of the surface

and air escorts, while the Japanese convoys were unable to deal with the greater sophistication of the American submarines in the more limited waters in which their merchant ships had to operate. Again, to a degree rare among naval writers, Sir Arthur stresses the importance of civilian measures in preventing a submarine campaign against merchant shipping being decisive. The efficient use of shipping space; the reduction of the demands on shipping by agricultural and rationing policies and the rate of ship-building compared with losses by enemy action are all shown to have been vital factors.

The book's conclusions on the submarine's past efficacy in operations against warships are equally penetrating.

## AIRBORNE

*Sword. The Untold Story of the Glider*

sometimes needed to push improvements through "the usual channels". His book is therefore as easily read by anyone willing to laugh at the ways of mortals, in uniform as by those who still may want to know why nearly everything went wrong in Sicily, why nearly everything in the British sector went right in Normandy, the details about Arnhem and why relatively little use was made of airborne troops after the crossing of the Rhine.

colous, the pompous, and the amusing. As an architect, he also brought a trained mind so that he had his part in founding the glider force and later was a senior planning officer in most of its operations.

He thus had every chance to see how the force came into being, how its enterprises were prepared and what happened on the day. He also enjoyed noting the absurdities of service ways, the unfortunate incidents that often attended demonstrations for the benefit of important visitors and the tactical moves that were

# AIRBORNE

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sometimes needed to "push improvements through" the "usual channels". His book is therefore as easily read by anyone willing to laugh at the ways of mortals, in uniform as by those who still may want to know why nearly everything went wrong in Sicily, why nearly everything in the British sector went night in Normandy, the details about Arnhem and why relatively little use was made of airborne troops after the crossing of the Rhine.

This may be one man's view of the airborne side of the war but it was taken from a fairly comprehensive vantage point from start to finish. For the more flippant particulars which tend so effectively to make the whole story ring true, he was usually an actual eye-witness and often a participant. One example in dozens may serve to prove his sense of humour and his argument that the V.I.P.s never saw the good work the glider forces were capable of. At one Horsa demonstration over Salisbury

Davies. £3 3s.

trating. Its strategic importance lay in giving the ability to continue to contest command of the seas in areas where the enemy had surface or air superiority. This strategic development partly emerged in the First World War and became clear in the second, as the destructive power of submarines increased. German U-boats sank more of the British navy than all the other agents of her maritime power combined, and their American counterparts sank one-third of the Japanese navy. Such successes only came from an offensive strategy. In defence the submarine proved relatively impotent.

Sir Arthur's conclusions are that by 1945 the submarine had demonstrated the fallacy of two classical dogmas of naval strategy; the pre-dominance of the battle fleet and the indecisiveness of a war against commerce. For the future, he sees the submerged speed and endurance of the nuclear submarine as giving it such advantages over its opponents as to make it the supreme arbiter in any struggle for command of the seas. As the launching platform for nuclear missiles, it is again in his view virtually unchallengeable. This may well be the present situation, but it would be contrary to all previous experience if such superiority remained undisturbed.



### **Fiction (continued)**

## FOUR IN HAND

NGAIO MARSH : *Death at the Dolphin*. 287pp. Collins. 18s.  
AMANDA CROSS : *The James Joyce Murder*. 176pp. Gollancz. 18s.  
STANLEY ELLIN : *House of Cards*. 336pp. Macdonald. 25s.  
MARY HOCKING : *Ask No Question*. 253pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

ship, such as Emilio S. Belaval's "The Purple Child." The worst is the whimsical pseudo-folk-tale "Who Lived in Florida," by Lydia Cabrera, an elderly Cuban who now lives in Florida. Somehow the Spanish writers represented here seem less involved in their surroundings, less aware of the physical identity of their landscape than their colleagues in the other islands. Those who under Dutch influence adopted the Dutch language produced fewer writers than the others; at any rate, Miss Hovind has selected only five of whom one, Albert Helman, is reasonably good. His story, "My Monkey Weeps," has a certain concentrated force, though it is sometimes unintentionally comical in its gloomy Germanic introspection.

FRANK NORMAN: *The Monkey Pulled His Hair*. 219pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

Recently Frank Norman wrote an amusing article about his literary reputation, "Once I was a Lion". He sprang to prominence as a writer of musicals and memoirs in a period when colourful cockneys, preferably with a razor scar and a gaol sentence, were widely felt to be life-enhancing, uninhibited, "natural". The public mood has changed somewhat—and the Richardson trial will not help the image of London's underworld—but, not so long ago, Frank Norman was enough of an archetype to be parodied under the name of "Fred Normal". In this, his first novel, he

PHYLLIS PAUL: *An Invisible Darkness*. 314pp. Heinemann. 30s.  
CATHERINE AIRD: *A Most Contagious Game*. 188pp. Macdonald. 16s.

## PUBLIC FACE

MARGARET WALKER; *Jubilee*. 497pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

**STAV MŇAČKO : *The Taste of***  
*Travels*. Translated from the  
 Czech by Paul Stevenson. Pre-  
 face by Max Hayward. 235pp.  
 Weldenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

vides the heartbreaking historical background to this season's inevitable riot and bloodshed. Vvry is a half-caste slave (based on the author's great-grandmother), born into the terrible conditions of plantation life in Georgia. The Civil War destroys the framework of her life: her master's family meets death and madness; she bears the children of a free black man but is parted from him in the chaos; after Emancipation she marries a former field-slave and together they trek through flood, famine and Klan fire, eventually finding peace and security in, of all places, Alabama.

the head of an east European government lies in state, the official biographer who was once the dead man's friend recognizes faces around him in the catafalque, and mentally compares them with photographs in his office collection of high officials in "red camera" situations. Between these two settings, the officially dead, and the unofficially furtive, Fabius Ladislav Mňacko has had a plausible career for a post-communist politician.

**RICHARD CHOPPING:** *The Ring*. 352pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

...the public life of in-  
...and diminishing  
...a private life of in-  
...ing sociability, of dimi-  
...ing loyalty and friendship. By  
...of his life, the statesman had  
...interest in two wives, and had  
...betrayed partisan comrades and  
...cesses in order to maintain his  
...stable public image.

...Machek's tough simplicity of  
...simplification is well suited to his  
...public hero, and the transi-  
...from class-loyalty and  
...idealism to simple corrup-  
...and boozing indulgence permits a  
...narrative. But the pen-  
...water, in which the photo

MARTHA GELLHORN: *The Lowest Trees Have Tops*. 216pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

...the meaning of  
...career, a less satisfac-  
...in his attempt to penetrate  
...the public face of  
...relationship. And Galovitch  
...inher insupportable, remain-  
...istic and unrealized; Mr  
...and hardly tries to tell us what  
...him back. Since it is what  
...of ubiquitous police control  
...rather than the existence of  
...worker-ministers, which  
...identified twentieth-century  
...waters from democracies. Mal-  
...state's professed claim that this  
...has an almost textbook  
...for anyone interested in  
...of manipulating politics  
...manipulated

**The Lowest Ties Have Tops** is a genial novel. Set in a sunny Mexican village, among a bunch of classy expatriates, it shows how a bit of common sense can sort out the most far-fetched muddles. Susannah, the narrator, is a mild, middle-aged lady who reads Lord Acton on her lawn and decides that stupidity, not power, is responsible for what is wrong with the world.

When an opulent newcomer with notions of moral rearmament tries

Miss Paul has written one of those interesting novels which, though "good" and serious, are so outstandingly absorbing or memorable. Her clergyman's young wife is left to collect the disreputable half-Italian children of a disreputable relative, and then finds that her husband has disappeared in Naples, leaving her to make a shapely life in which the children are a fully accepted but unrewarding responsibility. Why are we not more gripped by the possibility that the sick stranger may be the bus-band returned? Some sympathy falls to flow between writer and reader, some fundamental uninvolvedness of the author with her characters leaves us colder towards them than we feel we should be.

**CORN**  
**LEO ROSTEN: A Most Private Intrigue**

LEO ROSTEN: *A Most Private Intrigue*. 270pp. Gollancz. 25s.

The copyright note at the beginning of *A Most Private Intrigue* gives two dates, 1957 and 1967. The earlier year perhaps explains the rather old-fashioned cold war atmosphere of the book, but even in 1957 the following conversation would have shown a touchingly naive faith in the CIA:

"We can't rule out the possibility that Galton went into IAYCO [International Aids for Victims of Communism] as a cover. Maybe CIA."

No, said Serkin. "I have their assurances on that. They'd be foolishish to contaminate a private organization with that's a legitimate relief group."

The CIA was foolish long before 1957.

Mr. Rosten's first venture into James Bond's world of international affairs has resulted in a reasonably

He was rather elegant and very self-assured; dark hair, gray eyes, thin lips emphasized by his tan. He moved with the ease of a man at home.

on a squishy court. His stuff was as skeptical as it was: darning. to the denouement: "You know that's a lie, *Freud!*!" You're trying to save your own pretty face, and to you, the only thing that was or even, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could be—a Communist?" and the tough guy renunciation of the lovely trulliness. His voice shook with sudden harshness: "There is a thing called justice, sweetheart. There is a thing called redistribution. . . . There is a thing called law. I've got to respect it. And you've got to go

## CRIMINUSCULE

**HENRY CALVIN: *The DNA Business*. 152 pp. Hutchinson. 18s.**

Who is Right? The security organization whose nice young man Bill Timmins is out of his first job. The provincial proto-socialists with overseas contacts and the tough pretty daughter? And where stand the poor pregnant girl and the unlikely savior of the old-boy net? From these plot too unusual material Henry Calvin has made a cheery (but over-short) thriller in which, for once, the side we want to win does so.

**MATTHEW HUNTER: The Coming  
Brushfire Disaster.** 224pp.  
Collins. 21s.

Here comes something of an English answer to Dr. Strangelove in the form of a first novel about an R.S.C. (or Regional) Seat of Government activated under threat of war. Decidedly, the cure is worse than the disease, and this tense good story arouses many related questions such as—What counts as survival? a family unit or a social organization? And if the organization becomes disorganized?



## BOOKS RECEIVED

*[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]*

*Crime and the Social Structure* of John Barron Mays (256pp, Faber and Faber, 35s); it was first published in 1963 and the new edition has been brought up to date; *Common-Sense Communist Making* by Mays & Bruce with a foreword by R. B. Easterbrook (95pp, Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.); it first appeared in 1946; the new edition has been revised by Lady Eve Balfour; *In Witch-Bound Africa* by Frank H. Melland (316pp, Frank Cass, £4. 4s.), which was first published in 1923; *Epitaph to Indire Rule* by Ntseyang U. Akpan (204pp, Frank Cass, £2. 2s.), first published in 1956.

We regret that in our May 25 supplement on Children's Books we gave it the price of the quarterly *Books for You Children* as 7s. It in fact costs 1s. 9p. issue.

We regret that in our May 25 supplement on Children's Books we gave the price of the quarterly *Books for Young Children* as 7s. It in fact costs 1s. per issue.



